



Melinas del el S.

THE
LOVE OF FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.

TOGETHER WITH
OCEAN, AN ODE,
AND A
SEA-PIECE,

Containing

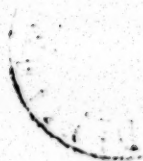
- I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

BY DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

L O N D O N :

Sold by A. MALLARD, J. DURFEY, E. NELSON,
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SON, F. NEWINGTON, W. STOD-
DART, and P. BLAND.

MDCCLXXVIII.



LOVE of FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN
Seven CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.

—*Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curra
Non minus ignotus generosis.*

HOR.



P R E F A C E.

TH E S E Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters ; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation ; the private amusement he finds in his compositions ; the good influence they have on his severer studies ; that admission they give him to his superiors ; and the possible good effect they may have on the public ; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that satire may not do much good : Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others : It is much *to be feared*, that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by *Satire* ; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written : Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions. *Ethics*, *Heathen* and *Christian*, and the *Scriptures*

themselves, are, in a great measure, a *Satire* on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that *Satire* is in verse too: Nay, in the first ages, Philosophy and Poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: So, I hope, these *Satires* will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, *Historians* themselves may be considered as *Satirists*, and *Satirists* most severe; since such are most human actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: And that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following *Satires*; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: An unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of *satires*, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: For to reason we owe our passions: Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what

we

we find amiss : And the *Cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, *Laughing Satire* bids the fairest for success : The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor ; and when an Author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the best master : He appears in good humour while he censures ; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a passion : He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality : The last of which I have had in my eye ; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner ; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. *Boileau* has joined *both* the *Roman* Satirists with great success ; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends *Boileau's* closeness, or, as he calls it, *Pressness*, particularly ; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose Satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit ; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind,

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and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of *Cervantes* and *Rabelais*? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it, is *, *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the *weak*, in some *Bœotia*, which was the land of oracles; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success: For though ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts
should

* Val. Max.

should escape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a *wit* a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato's* fable of the birth of *Love*: one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *poetry*. *Love*, says he, is the son of the goddess *Poverty*, and the god of *riches*: He has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: From his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That *Poetry*, like *Love*, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical *quiver*; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However, this is not *necessity*, but *choice*: Were *Wisdom* her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.



SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of DORSET.

— *Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire ; DORSET, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a DORSET's name :
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame :
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays :
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to *B——e*, or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue ;
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of you.

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause !
Thou shining *supplement* of public laws !
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;

When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
 Like arts, improve in *Britain's* skilful hand ;
 When the *Law* thews her teeth, but dares not bite,
 And *South-sea* treasures are not brought to light ;
 When *churchmen* scripture for the classics quit,
 Polite apostates from God's *grace* to *wit* ;
 When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore* ;
 To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
 Shall *Panegyric* reign, and *Censure* cease ?

Shall *Poesy*, like *Law*, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as trophies on a *post* ?
 Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise* ?

Why slumbers POPE, who leads the tuneful train,
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain ?
 DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, are dead,
 And guilt's chief foe, in ADDISON, is fled ;
 CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
 He will not write; and (more provoking still !)
 Ye gods ! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly * *Roman's* shining path to tread,
 And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead ?

* HORACE.

Will

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill ?
 Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
 What will not men attempt for *sacred praise* ?

The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart :
 'The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
 'The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;
 Now, trims the midnight-lamp in college cells :
 'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
 Here, to *S* — *e's* *humour* makes a bold pretence ;
 There, bolder, aims at *P—y's* *eloquence*.
 It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;
 Nor ends with *life* ; but nods in fable *plumes*,
 Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud* ? 'The *pimp* is proud to see
 So many like himself in high degree :
 The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
 Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed ;
 And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
 To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
 And come back much more guilty than they went :
 One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
 Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;
 And when their sins they set sincerely down,
 They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
 When they have got their *picture* tow'rd's a book ;
 Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
 Meant to betray dull fots to wretched wine.

If at his title *T*— had dropt his quill,
T— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
 But *T*— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
 Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.
 Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
 For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
 A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
 While *A*'s *depos'd*, and *B* with pomp *restor'd*.

Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,
 And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
 Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glass* how witty is a noble peer?
 Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Polite diseases make some ideots *vain*;
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
 And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
 Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
 By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
 Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
 What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
 Made bold ALPHONSUS his Creator blame:
 EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning steep:
 And (stronger still!) made ALEXANDER weep.
 Nay, it holds DELIA from a second bed,
 Though her lov'd lord has four half months been
 dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
 By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
 Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.

It

It makes *Globose* a speaker in the house;
 He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
 It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
 And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
 Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
 My growing subject seems but just begun,
 And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great *HOMER*! with thy *epic* rules,
 To take a catalogue of *British* fools.
 Satire! had I thy *DORSET*'s force divine,
 A knave or fool should perish in each line;
 Though for the first all *Westminster* should plead,
 And for the last, all *Gresham* intercede.

BEGIN. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
 To *quality* belongs the highest place.
 My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
 Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
 He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
 By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
 With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
 Above the man by *three descents* less wise?
 If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
 You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
 Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
 Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
 Slight, or important, only by their place?
 Titles are marks of *honest* men, and wise;
 The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
DORSET, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own—
We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* stone.
Mean sons of earth, who, on a *South-sea* tide
Of full success, swarm into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purse of gold at ANASTIS' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause* !
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

BELUS with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, C——*dos* he'll out-do;
And, B——*ton*, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd; ev'ry toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain*, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies PYGMALION's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not *F——t——n*'s self more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good *P——b——ke* more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.

“No,

"No, sirs, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail,
 "Shall *Grecian* arts be truck'd for *English* bail?"
 Such *heads* might make their very *buffs* laugh:
 His daughter starves; but * *CLEOPATRA*'s safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,
 May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
 The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
 To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.
 By your revenue measure your expence;
 And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
 No man is blest'd by *accident* or *guests*;
 True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
 Yet few without long discipline are sage;
 And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.
 But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
 The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
 Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords
 Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
 "What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
 One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
 "How comes it then to pass we see preside
 "On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
 As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
 And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
 Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
 Which bloom, like *AARON*'s, to their ravish'd sight:
 Some lords it bids *resign*; and turn their wands,
 Like *MOSES*', into serpents in their hands.
 These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
 With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.

But.

* A famous statue.

But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
To boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition strive,
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood;
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely drest by * MONTEUIL, and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face:—
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with lady *B*—'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that faunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like, support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create:
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;

No

* A famous Taylor.

No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
 No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there* :
 There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest ;
 The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest ;
 On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;
 In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
 But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,
 In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still :
 Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
 In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The *Squire* is *proud* to see his courfers strain,
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
 Say, dear HIPPOLITUS (whose drink is ale,
 Whose erudition is a *Christmas-tale*,
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
 And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground,
 Is that *thy* praise ? Let RINGWOOD's fame alone ;
 Just RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own ;
 Nor envies, when a gypsy *you* commit,
 And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit ;
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,
 And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my muse ! and then thy task renew :
 Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
 Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates ;
 Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates ;
 Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind ;
 Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind ;
 Fewer grave lords, to SCR—PE discreetly bend ;
 And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
 Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,

At

At *Bath*, in *summer*, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass ?
Is there a tongue, like *DELIA*'s o'er her cup.
That runs for ages without winding up ?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame ?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme :
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad ;
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad* ?



SATIRE



SATIRE II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end ;
 Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine ;
 Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line :
 Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose !
 All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
 When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage ;
 'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage :
 And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
 I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
 Almighty *vanity* ! to thee they owe
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
 Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
 Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
 ‡ HIPPOLITUS demands the *sylvan* crown ;
 But FLORIO's fame, the product of a shower,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !
 Why teems the earth ? Why melt the vernal skies ?
 Why shines the sun ? To make * *Paul Diack* rise.

From

‡ This refers to the first Satire.

* The name of a tulip.

From morn to night has FLORIO gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
 What shape? What hue? Was ever nymph so fair?
 He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
 O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
 In fame's full bloom lies FLORIO down at night,
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
 The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
 O C —! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all;
 Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
 A Quaker serv'd him, ADAM was his name;
 To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour:
 Herag'd! heroar'd! "What *daemon* cropt my flow'r?"
 Serene, quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas crusht by me;
 "Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

But all men want *amusement*; and what crime
 In such a paradise to fool their time?
 None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar;
 We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
 And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
 What's he who fights for wealth, or fame, or power?
 Another FLORIO doating on a flower;
 A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprung
 From sordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.

With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy smit?
 The *flow'r* of learning, and the *blossom* of wit.

Thy

Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
 And EPICETUS is a perfect beau.
 How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
 Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
 That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
 And T———, turn'd upholsterer, send home
 The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;
 Or is at best a secondary aim,
 A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game*.
 If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize,
 But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books LORENZO long was bent,
 But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
 His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
 A choice collection! what is to be done?
 He sells his *list*; for he the whole will buy;
 Seils ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
 So high the generous ardour of the man
 For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran.
 When terms were drawn, and brought him by the
 clerk,

LORENZO sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
 Is CODRUS' erudite ambition shown:
 Editions various, at high prices bought,
 Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought*;
 And to this cost another must succeed
 To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read;

Who

Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen ;
 But leaves to — what lies between ;
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O —, whose accomplishments make good
 The *promise* of a long illustrious blood,
 In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
 The strictest *honour* ! and the finest *taste* !
 Accept this verse ; if Satire can agree
 With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would HILARIO mend ;
 How would it grace the talents of my friend,
 Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
 Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit !
 But time his fervent petulance may cool ;
 For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
 In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his *sense* ;
 Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
 He spares nor friend, nor foe ; but calls to mind,
 Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What though *wit* tickles ? tickling is unsafe,
 If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
 Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ;
 Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword* ;
 And never on the *weak* ; or you'll appear
 As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
 As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set :
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
 Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen,
 The *same* men give is for the *joy* they find ;
 Dull is the *jest*er, when the joke's *unkind*.

Since

Since MARCUS, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
 To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
 His most facetious * letters came to hand,
 Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
 If that a *just* offence to MARCUS gave,
 Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave*?
 For all but such with caution I forbore;
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*:
 No mask so good, but MARCUS must shine through:
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
 Thy best concealment had been writing *well*:
 But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
 Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
 Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
 The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
 Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull;
 When some home-joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
 In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
 Through spleen, that *littler* nature gave, make *less*,
 Quite zealous in the way of *heaviness*;
 To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
 And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—“*He's a wit.*”
 Poor *negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spite
 To cacodemons, say, they're *dev'lish white*.

LAMPRIIDIUS, from the bottom of his breast,
 Sighs o'er one child: but triumphs in the rest.
 How just his *grief*! one carries in his head
 A less proportion of the father's lead;

* Letters sent to the Author, signed MARCUS.

And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
 And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*;
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son;
 And by Heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
 One learns to *lisp*; another, *not* to see:
 Miss D—, tottering, catches at your hand:
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
 Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through
 pride,

Others affect what nature has deny'd;
 What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue:
 As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

CRASSUS, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
 Supports grave forms; for forms the sage support.
 He hems; and cries, with an important air,
 "If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
 Then quotes the *Stagyrite*, to prove it true;
 And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."
 Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
 As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
 In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
 Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,
 To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:

As

As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark ! where *pins* are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.

A man of sense can *artifice* disdain ;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain* ;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *fool*.

I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen* ;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, —, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art ;
Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade ;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face* ?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind ;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone ?

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame ; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at WHITE'S was young FLORELLO seen !
How blank his look ! how discompos'd his mien !
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace ;
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.

The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
 And either shoulder has its share of fame ;
 His sumptuous *watch-case*, though conceal'd it lies,
 Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain !)
 ST — PE in wit, in breeding D — L — E.
 Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
 On mirrors that reflect his *Tyrian* dye,
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart !
 But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
 In active measures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
 And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
 A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
 Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

MEROSÉ is funk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear ;
 Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
 A fam'd furtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe ;
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?)
 Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame :
 But open force was vain ; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent* :
 Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt ;
 And glory, at *ere* entrance, quite shut out *.

He scorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him ;
 This hates the *filthy* creature ; that, the *prim* :
 Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;

* MILTON.

Their

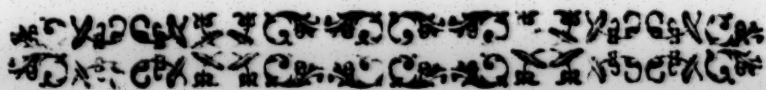
Their methods various, but alike their aim ;
The *stoven* and the *fopling* are the same.

Ye whigs and tories ! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue ;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass ;
While both are *one* : and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

“ But who art Thou ? ” methinks FLORELLO cries :
“ Of all thy species art thou only wise ? ”

Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor shalt be ;
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myself ! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?
While I a moment name, a moment's past ;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last* :
What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed ;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of fame ?
How vain the prize ? how impotent our aim ?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour ?



SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODINGTON.

LONG, DODINGTON, in debt, I long have fought
 To ease the burden of my grateful thought ;
 And now a poet's gratitude you see ;
 Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three* :
 For whose the present glory, or the gain ?
 You give protection, I a worthless strain.
 You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
 And know the basis of a solid fame ;
 Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
 You read with all the *malice* of a *friend* ;
 Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
 But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty ! turn ages o'er,
 When wanted *Britain* bright examples more ?
 Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
 And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days ;
 As if men now were of another cast,
 They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
 Men still are men ; and they who boldly dare,
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair ;

Or,

Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
 Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace ;
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
 And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
 We bring some new materials, and what's old
 New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould ;
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse ;
 And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you !
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame ;
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;
 As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
 That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
 Will I enjoy, (dread feast !) the critic's rage,
 And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
 For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
 Than those who thunder in the critic's name ?
 Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

BALBUTIUS, muffled in his sable cloak,
 Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
 As ravens solemn, and as *beding*, cries,
 "Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !"
 Ye doctors sage, who through *Parnassus* teach,
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges *as the weather* dictates ; right
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :
 Another judges by a surer gage,
 An author's *principles*, or *parentage* ;
 Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
 The poem, doubtless, must be written well.

Another judges by the writer's *look* :
 Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;
 Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep ;
 Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
 To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
 The very best *ambitiously* advise,
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
 Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
 Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown
 Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste :
 The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
 And eat their way to *fame* ; with anxious thought
 The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
 Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
 And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May* ;
 Their various cares in one great point combine
 The business of their lives, that is—to *dine*.
 Half of their precious day they give the *feast* ;
 And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
 APICIUS, here, the taster of the town,
 Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
 The sacred annals of their *bills of fare* ;
 In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
 And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
 If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
 Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame :

Their

Their front supplies what their ambition lacks ;
 They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.
 Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
 When turn'd away, with a familiar leer ;
 And H——y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
 NIGER adopts stray libels ; wisely prone
 To covet shame still greater than his own.
 BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threescore,
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
 Absence of mind BRABANTIO turns to fame,
 Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name ;
 Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
 And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
 Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
 Men *forge the patents*, that create them fots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
 So most grow infamous through love of praise.
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
 When those, who bring that incense, we despise ?
 For such the vanity of great and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can ev'n Satire blame them ; for, 'tis true,
 They have most ample cause for what they do.
 O fruitful *Britain* ! doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
 Though PHOEBUS and the Nine for ever mow,
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
 'Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill ;
 A WELCH descent, which well-paid heralds damn ;
 Or, longer still, a DUTCHMAN's epigram.
 When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
 In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See *TITVRUS*, with merriment possest,
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest :
 What need he stay ? for when the joke is o'er,
 His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
 Is there of *these*, ye fair ! so great a dearth,
 'That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth ?

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire ;
 Of *houses* some ; nay, houses that they *hire* :
 Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous *wife* ;
 And boast, like *Cordeliers*, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their
 airs ;

My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears* :
 Then, stranger still ! on turning of the wind,
 My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
 By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
 What numbers are there, which at once pursue
 Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too ?

VINCENNA knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
 And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;
 Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
 To win applause ; and takes it by surprize.

"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."

You know your answer, *he's exact in great*.

"My *stile*," says he, "is rude and full of faults."

But oh ! what sense ! what energy of thoughts !

That he wants algebra, he must confess :

But not a soul to give our arms success.

"Ah ; That's an hit indeed," *Vincenna* cries ;

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise ?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack ;

"All

"All say, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, *Vincenna*, could deceive in *thee*;
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make.
Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;
Enough to keep *two shoes* on *Sunday* clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly, in *Sheer Lane*.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
If *merit* sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, *PHILANDER*, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possess:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;

The public envy ! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
 The man is found, who may be *justly* proud :
 But, see ! how sickly is ambition's taste ?
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast ;
 For, lo ! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
 In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation ; others buy ;
 And love a market where the rates run high :
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear ;
 Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear* :
 Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
 And SHAKESPEAR's wretched stuff do quite as well ;
 Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
 And *own*, that *English* is their mother tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereesses outshine ;
 While *tradesmen* starve, these PHILOMELS are gay ;
 For generous lords had rather *give* that *pay*.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene !
 The *Legislature* join'd with *Drury-lane* !
 When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
 And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
 " Are we not then allow'd to be polite ?"
 Yes, doubtless ; but first set your notions right.
Worth, of *politeness* is the needful ground ;
 Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
 Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel ;
 'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

Great, chosen prophet ! For these latter days,
 To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways !
 Well, H — R, dost thou thy *master* serve ;
 Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.
 Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd ;
 In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,

Gaudy

Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles, cards, and dice* ;
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids* !
That solemn rite of midnight *masquerades* !
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred heads of *cuckolds* may suffice.
Thou siml'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate !
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth ?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth ?
'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings* !

Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths
like these,

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please :
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a *Satire*, which gave none offence ?
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me* ?
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How

How hard for real worth to gain its price ?
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
 If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence :
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
 A curse within, a smile upon his face ;
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are prizes in the lottery of life ;
Genius and *virtue* they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
 To *merit*, is but to provide a pain.

For men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, DODINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view
 By WALPOLE's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
 Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd ;
 And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
 Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd :
 Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear ;
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE



SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

Round some fair tree th' ambitious *Woodbine*
 grows,
 And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs;
 So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious *verse*, should be,
 (O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
 Thee, COMPTON, born o'er senates to preside,
 Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;
 Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
 And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
 Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
 The *Crown's* assenter, and the *People's* friend:
 Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
 To listen to the labours of the *muse*;
 Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
 And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.
 Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
 The jealous CHREMES is with spleen undone;
 CHREMES, for airy pensions of *renown*,
 Devotes his service to the *State* and *Crown*;
 All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
 Tho' *Britain's* thankless, till *this* patriot loves:
 But

But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
 He *drinks* his *coffee* for the public good ;
 Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
 What storms, or sunshine, Providence decrees ;
 Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate ;
 A *quid nunc* is an *almanack* of State.

You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use ;
 Why may not time his secret worth produce ?
 Since *apes* can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,
 Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put* ;
 Since half the Senate *Not content* can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings ?
 An incapacity for smaller things :
 Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own estate*,
 And thence has undertaken *Europe's* fate.

GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' skill,
 And boldly claims a province higher still :
 To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
 At once, a *Bible*, and a *shoulder-knot* ;
 Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
 And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul* ;
 To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
 Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed :
 Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
 Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
 For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.
 Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
 And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief ?
 While the sun shines, BLUNT talks with wondrous
 force ;

But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.

Such

Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *Mercury* is high or low :
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark ;
A fever argues better than a *Clarke* :
Let but the logick in his *pulse* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray ;
While C — mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C —, who makes so merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed* ;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

NARCISSUS the *Tartarian club* disclaims ;
Nay, a *Free-mason*, with some terror, names ;
Omits no duty ; nor can *envy* say,
He miss'd, these many years, the *Church*, or *Play* :
He makes no noise in *Parliament*, 'tis true ;
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due ;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean* ;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place ;
As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms :
When *Ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three :
NARCISSUS is the glory of his race ;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace ?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
 Such thinging *expletives* of human kind,
 Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
 Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
 What other men dislike, is sure to please,
 Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;
 Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
 And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.

ARB—T is a fool, and F — a sage,
 S—LY will fright you, E — engage;
 By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones mount, and S — x is the worst of friends;
 They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
 And blush, if you surprize them in the *right*;
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or Q — y is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*,
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
 Tho' wrong the *mode*, comply; more sense is shewn
 In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
 But what in oddness can be more sublime
 Than S — the foremost *toyman* of his time?
 His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich *shell* inhances,
 And ASHMOLE's baby house, is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru*!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat, which JOSEPH *never* wore!

He

He shews, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen Bess's
chin.

" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
" Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,
" Was ever year unblest as *this* ?" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly* !"

In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
Unhappy I — y! how came *you* to please ?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game ;
But, in effect, his chace is much the same :
Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate* :
Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *shadows*, lag behind ;
He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,
Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun* ;
As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught :
But after seven years dance, from place to place,
The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer ;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town ?
Who'd be a *gluss*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face ;
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave ;
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better ease ;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke ?

Who'd

* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyle.

Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
 His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry, *Chimney sweep*, or drive a *plough*?
 With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close*?
 Scarce meaner they, who terms like these, *impose*.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or ancient authors, lye;
 The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
 For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard profess.
 "B—LE shines in council, M——T in the fight,
 "P—L—M's magnificent; but I can write,
 "And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
 Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *meat*,
 And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*:
 Grown *lean*, and *wife*, he curses what he writ,
 And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner's* lost,
 That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
 Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
 Defends Sirloins, which sons of dulness *eat*?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
 What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,
 When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
 A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
 With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
 Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspir'd?
 Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be admir'd?

Desunt

Defunct by PHOEBUS' laws, beyond redress,
 Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press?
 Bad metre, that *excrecence* of the head,
 Like *hair*, will sprout, although the poet's *dead*.

All other trades *demand*, *verse-makers* beg;
 A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
 A barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper's* fashion,
 Exposés *borrow'd brats* to move *compassion*.
 Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
 Nay more, though gentle DAMON is my friend.
 "Is't then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
 For some, though few, there are large-minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
 Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
 A——LE true wit is studious to restore;
 And D——T smiles, if PHOEBUS smil'd before;
 P——KE in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
 And HENRIETTA like a muse inspires.

But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
 That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
 How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*?
 Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious LINTOT knows so well,
 He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
 That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
 Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags;
 And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.

Nor

Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
 Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold* ;
 The first young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
 Shall match the veriest huncks in *Lombard-street*,
 From rescu'd candles' ends, who rais'd a fum,
 And starves to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
 A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
 To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
 Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their *land*.
 For love, young, noble, rich, CASTALIO dies;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
 Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down ;
 No rival can prevail,—but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
 Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made* :
 Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
 When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd :
 He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain :
 Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes :
 To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not *fight* :
 All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
 As maids of honour *beauty*,—by their *place* :
 But, when indulging on the last campaign,
 His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain ;
 He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
 A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
 A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid* :
 Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;
 Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy* :

'Tis

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.

AUGUSTUS' deeds ! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak ;
The ROMAN would not blush at the mistake.





S A T I R E V.

O N

W O M E N.

*O fairest of creation ! last and best
Of all God's works ! Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
How art thou lost ! — —*

MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone ;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own :
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings* :
Attend, and you discern it, in the fair,
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair* ;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye* ;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.

The sex we honour, though their faults we blame ;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme :
A theme, fair — — ! doubly kind to me,
Since satyrizing *those* is praising *thee* ;

Who

Who would't not bear, too modestly reclin'd,
A panegyric of a grasser kind.

BRITANNIA'S daughters, much more *fair* than mine,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the faced sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, Parks, coarſe ſeats in city-halls,
Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield ſcenes,
And *Fortune-tellers Caves, and Limb' Dens,*
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-rooms,
Infallments, Pilgrims, Corruptions, Vans,
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shows; Reviews,
Sales, Races, Rabbits, (and still ſtranger!) Pews.

CLARINDA'S bosom burns, but burns for *Fame*;
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *robber* flame;
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*, diſpencies; *then*,
Like *April* ſuns, dives into clouds again:
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *offentation*, hides her charms.
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all extaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this:
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in *fright*!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

ZARA reſembles *Ætna* crown'd with ſnows:
Without the freezes, and within ſhe glows:
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,

She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
 In — CLEOPATRA, or the last new play.
 Thus gloomy ZARA, with a solemn grace,
 Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,
 Who, through good-breeding, is ill company ;
 Whose *manners* will not let her *larum* cease,
 Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at peace ;
 To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
 And vows — that her great-grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear ;
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn — to hear :
 In that the skill of conversation lies ;
 That *shows*, or *makes*, you both polite and wise.

XANTIPPE cries, " Let nymphs, who nought can
 say,

" Be lost in silence, and resign the day ;
 " And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
 " By tame behaviour, and a soft address ;"
 Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
 With all the dictates of *humanity* ;
 Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
 To wisdom's rules, and *rates* to prove her *wit* ;
 Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain :
 But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
 Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
 Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
 Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame ;
 But keen XANTIPPE, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
 Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play.
 O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea* :

Nor

Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice :
Doubly, like echo, *found* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise* ?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong :

What *black*, what *causeless* cares besiege our state !

What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate* ?

If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow ;

We *make* misfortune ; *suicides* in woe.

Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !

Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill ?

How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,

(That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,

On *jolly's* errands, as we vainly roam,

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
home ?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,

Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.

Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace

We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace ;

Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,

Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week :

Our very joys are anxious, and expire

Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil ?

But *one* ; a female friend's endearing smile ;

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,

And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;

Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,

Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
 Man is not all the game they have in view:
 In woods and fields their glory they complete;
 There *Master BETTY* leaps a five-barr'd gate;
 While fair *Miss CHARLES* to toilets is confin'd,
 Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
 Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
 And volt from *lusters* to the *manag'd steed*;
 Command his prancings with a martial air,
 And *FOBERT* his the forming of the *Fair*.

More than *one* steed must *DELIA's* empire feel,
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
 And as she guides it through th' admiring throng
 With what an air she smacks the *filken* thong?
 Graceful as *JOHN*, she moderates the reins,
 And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:
SESOSTRIS like, such charioteers as *these*
 May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:
 They *drive, row, run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on *exit*.

O'er the *Belle-Lettre* lovely *DAPHNE* reigns;
 Again the god *APOLLO* wears his chains:
 With legs tois'd high, on her sophee she sits,
 Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
 Of each performance she's the final test;
 One ast read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
 And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
 Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair*.
 Had lovely *DAPHNE HICATESSA's* face,
 How would her elegance of taste decrease?
 Some ladies *judgment* in their *features* lies,
 And all their *genius* sparkles from their eyes.

But

But hold, she cries, lampooner ! have a care ;
 Must I want common sense, because I'm fair !
 O no : see STELLA ; her eyes shine as bright,
 As if her tongue was never in the right ;
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !
 She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire :
 How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
 Could DAPHNE publish, and could she forbear ?
 We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
 Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*.

SEMPRONIA lik'd her man ; and well she might ;
 The youth in person, and in parts, was bright ;
 Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart :
 He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
 And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd :
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own ;
 Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town :
 The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *threescore*.
 The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear :
 Of *pride*, and *av'rice*, who can cure the fair ?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few :
 Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights ;
 But fools create themselves new appetites :
 Fancy, and pride, seek things at vast expence,
 Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
 When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,
 In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
 In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show,
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow ;
 Like cats in *air-pumps*, to subsist we strive
 On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

LEMIRA's sick ; make haste ; the doctor call :
 He comes ; but where's his patient ? At the ball.
 The doctor stares ; her woman curtsies low,
 And cries, " My Lady, Sir, is always so :
 " Diversions put her maladies to flight ;
 " True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night :
 " I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
 " For *fevers* take an opera in *June* :
 " And, tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
 " A midnight Park is sov'reign for a *cold* :
 " With *cholics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;
 " With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
 A strange alternative, replies Sir *Hans*,
 Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance* ?
 Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
 But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home* :
 For want – but not of health, are ladies ill ;
 And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.

Alas, my heart ! how languishingly fair
 Yon lady lolls ? With what a tender air ?
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
 O'er darling lines, fell CIBBER waves his pen.
 Is her lord angry, or has * *Veny* chid ?
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid ?
 " Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
 Why went she not to bed ? " Because 'twas *night*."
 Did she then dance, or play ? " Nor this, nor that."
 Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
 " No, all alone, her *pray'rs* she rather chose ;
 " Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
 Then Lady CYNTHIA, mistress of the shade,
 Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed :

* Lap-dog.

This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies ;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wife.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.

You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite ;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night :
Next day she shines in glossy *black* ; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again :

Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted lass ;
Nor finds that *one*, but in her looking-glass :
Yet LAURA's beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile ! Such blessings *nature* pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores :
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green :
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And *waste* their music on the savage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss ?

Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this ?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such FULVIA's passion for the town ; fresh air
(An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair ;
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales are odious things ;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, de-
light ;

And to be press'd to death, transports her quite :

Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
 And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
 Black kennels absent *shows* the regrets,
 And dops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?
 Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
 Thro' briars and brambles in the *world* we stray;
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
 And *envy's* care, and rank and *stinging* hate,
 Which check our passage, our career controul,
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
 O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
 Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the *next*;
There too the *Muses* sport; these numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.

There sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:
 Their sacred force AMELIA feels in town.
 Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
 A wit herself, AMELIA weds a wit:
 Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
 Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in
 peace;

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
 On DURFEE's poesy, and BUNYAN's prose:

The

The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

PHOEBE, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness :
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she cry,
" Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday* !
" And then that charming party for *to-morrow* !"
Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into for-
row :

But she dares never boast the *present* hour ;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power :
For such is our weakness, or our curie,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we thum,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *cloy* ;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains ;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins ?

As FLAVIA in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine :
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears.
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears :
She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd ;
The morning came, when STREPHON, waking, found
(Surprising sight !) his bride in sorrow drown'd.

"What miracle, says STREPHON, makes thee weep?

"Ah, barb'rous man," she cries, "how could you

"— *sleep?*"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;

How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*?

Yet sure there is a certain time of day,

We with our mistress, and our meat, away:

But soon the fated appetites return,

Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:

Eternal Love let man, then, never swear;

Let women never *triumph*, nor despair;

Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;

Hunger and Love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,

For those few nymphs whose charms are of the
mind:

But not of that unfashionable set

Is PHYLLIS; PHYLLIS and her DAMON met.

Eternal Love exactly hits her taste;

PHYLLIS demands eternal love at *least*.

Embracing PHYLLIS with soft smiling eyes,

Eternal Love I vow, the swain replies:

But say, my *All*, my *Mistress*, and my *Friend*!

What day next week th' *Eternity* shall *end*?

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to love;

Elope from mortal man, and range above.

The fair philosopher to ROWLEY flies,

Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:

She sees the planets in their turns advance,

And scorns, POITIE, thy sublunary dance:

Of DESAGULIER she bespeaks fresh air;

And WHISTON has *engagements* with the fair.

What vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries!

'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.

But

But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.

Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and NEWTON is a sot.

To ——— turn; she never took the height
Of SATURN, yet is ever in the right.

She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.

Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart, sincere;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, severe;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well understood,

She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal.

And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mecklin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress*?

But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the *stair*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *fine-cure*:
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good.

What angels would those be, who thus excel
 In theologies, could they *see* as well !
 Yet why should not the fair her text pursue ?
 Can she more decently the doctor woo ?
 'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *that*
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain,
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
 To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
 With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
 O how his pious soul exults to find
 Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind !
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
 Hangs on her *blossom*, like an industrious *bee* ;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower* ?

The *young* and *gay* declining, APPIA flies
 At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise* :
 By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
 She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

Can wealth give happiness ? look round, and see
 What gay distress ! what splendid misery !
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
 Wealth is a cheat ; believe not what it says ;
 Like any lord it *promises*—and *pays*.
 How will the miser startle, to be told
 Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold ?
 What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight ;
 All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,
 Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view ;
 It charms us *now* ; anon we cast anew ;
 To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd :
 Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
 And think accomplishments will win the fair:
 The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
 As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun*;
 And yet in female scales a fop out-weighs,
 And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
 Nought shines so bright in vain LIBERIA'S eye
 As riot, impudence, and perfidy
 The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
 For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
 And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
 The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
 If you resent, and with a *woman* ill,
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,
 Who was not born to carry her own weight;
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
 Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
 She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
 But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
 To scale the *Alps* — that is, ascend the *stairs*.
 My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
 Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* stile;
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
 That *Betty* rather *feels*, than *bears* the call:
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
 O listen with attention most profound!
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
 And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
 One hand scarce hits the other to her head.

If,

If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
 She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.
 Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,
 Life is not worth so much, the'd rather *starve* ;
 But chew the mull herself ; ah cruel fate !
 That ROSALINDA can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies
 (Kind heav'n !) against the *poison* of their eyes.

THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien ;
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
 In fair and open dealing where's the shame ?
 What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
 This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
 (Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
 If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)
 And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
 An oath supplies the vacancies of sense
 Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
 And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
 By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain ;
 She, on the Christian System, is profane.
 But though the volley rattles in your ear,
 Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.
 If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
 When Jove deposes a lady in his stead ?
 A lady ! pardon my mistaken pen,
 A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

Few to good breeding make a just pretence ;
 Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense ;
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
 With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
 A violated decency now reigns ;
 And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.

With

With *Chinese* painters modern *toasts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity* :
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and *tofs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude,
Ner conquer *art* and *nature* to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady *D* — —'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair ! ye bloom of *Britain's* isle !
When high born ANNA, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration ! give me something *more*,
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threescore* :
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time* ;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime ;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms ?
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.

In

In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
 Gay rainbow filks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.
 Her grizzled locks assume a *sin rking* grace,
 And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
 We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
 She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
 (All ladies *but herself*) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her is the sacred age
 Of prudent PORTIA? *Her* grey hairs *engage* ;
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine
 That, and that *only*, can old age sustain ;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
 Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new ;
 And yearly some are falling of the *few* ;
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop *apace* ; by *nature* some decay,
 And some the blasts of *fortune* tweep away ;
 Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.

Where's PORTIA now?—but PORTIA left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind
 What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew ?
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ;
Fancy and *passion* tofs it to and fro ;
 A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.

Ye

Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills; the *boldest* are afraid;
Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least the fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever flick, through malice of *your own*.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:
Then please the *Best*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Art on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.

In *simple* manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *shew* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind*! that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst:
To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire;
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace in *hand*; and promise bliss to *come*.



SATIRE VI.

ON

W O M E N.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem.

HOR.

I Sought a patroness, but sought in vain.
 APOLLO whisper'd in my ear—"GERMAIN."—
 I know her not.—"Your reason's somewhat odd;
 "Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
 "Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
 "Then steal great names, to shield them from the
 "town.
 "Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
 "To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:
 "Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
 "In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.
 "Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
 "When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from ZINCKS more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To Church as constant as to Drury-lane.
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
Curtseys to curtsies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the *Creed*.
Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *speak*;
Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
SATAN himself will toll the parish-bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
DRUSA receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this *Vesta*, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets per lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* wou'd *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman, where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers *starve*.

But

But with a modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
 "Or if you take a lion by the beard *,"
 "Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* pard,
 "Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough *Russian* bear,"
 First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.
 This lady glories in profuse expence;
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
 To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight;
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*;
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
 In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad*.
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

FLAVIA is constant to her old gallant,
 And generously supports him in his want.
 But marriage is a fether, is a snare,
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear,
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

AMASIA hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
 Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint:
 Her soul superior flies formality;
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
 Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
 Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried AERA puts on formal airs;
 Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
 Her only grief is, that she cannot be
 At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.

* SHAKESPEARE.

And

And *this* to do her justice, must be said,
 “*Who would not think that Anna was a maid?*”

Some ladies are too beautiful to be well;
 For where’s the man that’s worthy of their bed?
 If no disease reduce her pride before,
 LAVINIA will be ravish’d at threescore.

Then she submits to venture in the dark;
 And nothing now is wanting – but her spark.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
 She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possesses,
 Are but the *ground* of *unnatural* happiness;
 The rude *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
 She from herself, if so compell’d by need,
 Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
 But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
 If she can work in *gold*, ’tis better still.

If PULLIA had been blest with *half* her sense,
 None could too much admire her excellence:
 But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
 She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
 With understanding she is quite o’er-run;
 And by too great accomplishments undone:
 With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
 For ever most *disinly* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be;
 But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
 Let man *discover*, let her not *display*,
 But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form’d, perversely some believe,
 To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
 LESSBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
 Pretends, the top she laughs at, is ador’d.

In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

"*How charming this!*" — The pleasure lasted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more?
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious MELANIA rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill
"You went last night with CELIA to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpressible sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?

How

How would MELANIA be surpriz'd to hear
 She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear;
 What's female beauty, but an air divine,
 Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
 The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
 Hence, men are often captives of a face,
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
 Some, none *resist*, though not exceeding fair.

ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
 Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
 Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
 But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
 "Folks are so awkward! Things so unpolite!"
 She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
 Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
 Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
 Heav'n by its favour has the fair distressed,
 And pour'd such blessings - that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
 Thou *shining, frail ador'd, and wretched* thing?
 Old-age *will* come, disease *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
 Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
 But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
 Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
 Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
 Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
 The *grand* eternal, as the *work* divine.

JULIA's a manager; she's born for rule;
 And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*:
 Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
 That guides the lover to his fair one's bed:

For difficult amours can smoothe the way,
 And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
 But if depriv'd of such important cares,
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
 For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
 Nor *take* her tea without a *stratagem*;
 Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
 Important, by the virtue of *grinace*.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign;
 By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*.
 Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
 Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

SYRENA is for ever in extremes,
 And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
 She strains too much to make it understood.
 Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

BRUNETTA's wife in actions great, and rare;
 But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
 Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
 Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
 Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
 And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
 Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with ALICIA, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree:
 Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unt'y'd,
 And what she has of head-dress is aside.
 She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
 Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
 A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;
 And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.

Gloves

Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
 Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *h/t*.
 Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail
 With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
 For H——y the first *wit* she cannot be,
 Nor, cruel R——d, the first *toast*, for thee.
 Since full each other station of *renown*,
 Who would not be the greatest *tripes* in town?
 Women were made to give our eyes delight,
 A female *floven* is an odious sight.

Fair ISABELLA is so fond of *faux*,
 That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;
 Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
 "Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
 When most the world applauds you, most beware;
 'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.
 Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
 And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
 The breath of *others* raises our *renown*;
 Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.
 Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
 Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.
 So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it *should* procure.
 Whom praise we *most*? The virtuous, brave, and wise;
 No; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
 No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the
 more.

D

Ladies

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all* :
 Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall ?
 So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.
 Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
 Of *injur'd* modesty the sacred name

But CLIO thus : " What ! railing without end ?
 " Mean task ! how much more gen'rous to com-
 " mend ?"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

" DAPHNIS," says CLIO, " has a charming eye :

" What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry !

" ASPASIA's shape indeed—But then her air—

" The man has parts who finds destruction there.

" ALMERIA's wit has something that's divine ;

" And wit's enough—how few in all things shine.

" SELINA serves her *friends*, relieves the poor—

" Who was it said *SELINA's* near threescore ?

" At LUCIA's match *I* from my soul rejoice ;

" The world congratulates so wise a choice ;

" His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—

" But mortgages will sap the best estate.

" In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear ;

" But then—she has a *freckle* on her ear."

Without a *but*, HORTENSIA she commends,

'The first of women, and the best of friends :

Owens her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright :

But how comes this to pass ?—She dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail :

Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail.

And whence such praise ? Our virulence is thrown

On *others'* fame, through fondness for our *own*.

Of

Of rank and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
 For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
 The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
 Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
 As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*;
 And quite as much detested as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* fine?
 Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
 To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
 That happiness which great ones often see,
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
 Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store?
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state*;
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
 Could both our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
 Our envy would be due to large expence.
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See how they beg an alms of flattery?
 They languish! oh support them with a *he!*
 A *decent competence* we fully taste;
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:
 More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
 The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,
 To feel their great abundance; and request
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;

To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth
divine,

Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load ;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* streams diffusively they bless ;
And, while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
But satire is my task ; and *these* destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers ! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G — N :
But our *invectives* must despair success ;
For next to *praise*, the values nothing less.

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame ?
Or is't ASTURIA ? that affected dame.
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair ! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In ALBUCINDA's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
Here might I sing of MEMMIA's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine :
How two red lips affected *Zephyrs* blow,
To cool the *Bohea*, and inflame the *Beau* :
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb* conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.

Tea !

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
 As *LETHE*, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen!
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
 An *hecatomb* of characters supplies
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
 H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a *female* feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
 But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea*!
CITRONIA's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
 And who dares give *CITRONIA's* nose the lie? †

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
 At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
 Stole from her comfort the pernicious glass.
 As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *JUVENAL*! for thy severer rage!
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
 Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?
 There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd
 And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
 Without thin *decency* held up to view,
 Naked she stalks o'er *Law* and *Gospel* too.

D 3

Our

† ——— *Selem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat?*

VING,

Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 Men sigh in vain for *none*, but for their *wives*;
 Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
 And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate.
 What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
 What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
 Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
 But then, their *reason* is at due command.
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
 And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?

What swarms of am'rous *grandmothers* I see!
 And misses, *ancient* in iniquity!
 What blasting whippers, and what loud declaiming!
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
 Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence;
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times;
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
 Such dissolution through the whole I find,
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell*;
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
 Who listens less to C—ns, than St. *Paul*.
 Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
 Till now, She-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character, in timorous things?

Who

Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.

But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
“From thinking free, to be free agents too.”

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them
down,

In complaisance to all the fools in town.

O how they tremble at the name of *pride*!
And die with shame at thought of being *good*!
For what will *ARTIMIS*, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?
They heav’n defy, to earth’s vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty — to *forgive*.
His other excellence they’ll not dispute;
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady*’s soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
No, he’s for ever in a smiling mood;
He’s like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.—
Devoutly, thus, *JEHOVAH* they depose,

The *pure!* the *just!* and set up, in his stead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred*.

"Dear T—L—N! before the best of men;
"Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.
"Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
"Poor SATAN! doubtless he'll at length be fav'd.
"Let th' meanst on, since they have got the knack,
"And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black*;
"Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
"From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
"But then they leave our *untyth'd* virtue free.
"Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:
"Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOCAUT?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *prophane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! † *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.
"Poor K—P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—P's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.

Immortal

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
 I leſt ſhould blame this criminal delight :
 But ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
 Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,
 Methinks, we need not our *ſhort* beings ſhun,
 And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
 We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
 And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worſt of illſ ;
 With ceſſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills ;
 Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood ;
 Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good ;
 Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
 And, what is ſtill more dreadful---ſpoils your face.

See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
 The *ſcandal*, and the *ruin* of our iſle !
 And ſee, (ſtrange ſight !) amid that ruſſian band,
 A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand ;
 That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
 Which, loud as thunder, on the board ſhe knocks.
 And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhock,
 From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke,
 From this ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies,
 Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies !
 For men, I mean — the fair diſcharges none ;
 She (guiltleſs creature !) ſwears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes ſtart ! cheeks glow ! and muſcles ſwell !
 Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
 Thus that divine one her *ſoft* nights employs !
 Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys !
 And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
 And on her pillow lays her aking head,
 With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
 The *die* ſpins lovely, or the *cards* go round ;

Imaginary ruin charms her still ;
 Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadil* :
 And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
 He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair,
 Why is the rich ATRIDES' splendid heir
 Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?
 Why that drawn sword ? And whence that dismal
 cry ?

Why pale distraction through the family ?
 See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
 Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent ?
 What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent ?
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ?
 O nothing, but last night---my lady *play'd*.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme ?
 Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame* ?
 Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
 'Twas first a *vain-devotion* to the *mode* ;
 Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong ;
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
 This may be said, in honour of our times,
 That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide :
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride :
 Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r !
 Can nothing *ravish*, but a *golden shower* ?
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize ;
 Must CUPID learn to *punt*, ere he can *please* ?
 When you're enamour'd of a *list* or *cast*,
 What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste* ?

Why

Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?

They find no woman disengag'd — *from play*.

Why pine the *marry'd*?—O severer fate!

They find from play no disengag'd — *estate*.

FLAVIA, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,

Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor ARRIA's bible can secure her age;

Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.

While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,

To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long his *own*;

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;

Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.

Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the Fair;

Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:

Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,

In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:

Our pride to great, our passion is to strong,

Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.

I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."

When you chaffise, who would not kiss the rod?

But I've a charm your anger shall controul,

And turn your eyes with colicels on the *sole*.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,

That burits o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law;

'Midst empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart

Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,

Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:

When in my page, to balance numerous faults,

Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,

84 LOVE OF FAME, &c. Sat. VI.

She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

‡ Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

‡ MILTON.



SATIRE



SATIRE VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus. VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, WALPOLE, or the *Nine* inspire in vain:
 To thee, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where BRUNSWICK's glory crowns the whole design?
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
 To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
 How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
 This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee!
 Say, *Britain*! whence this caprice of thy sons,
 Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
 The

The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless ;
 For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause !)
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause ;
 Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
 Her *arts* triumphant in the royal smile,
 Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
 Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
 And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind ;
 Their sphere is small ; their mischief is confin'd :
 But daring men there are (Awake, my muse,
 And raise thy verse !) who bolder frenzy chuse ;
 Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away ;
 The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

The *Grecian* chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,
 With rage and terror stalking by his side,
 Raves round the globe ; he soars into a god !
 Stand fast, *Olympus* ! and sustain his nod.
 The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
 And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
 What slaughter'd *hosts* ! What *cities* in a blaze !
 What wasted *countries* ! and what crimson *seas* !
 With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot twice ten hundred years unpraise
 The boist'rous boy, and blatt his guilty bays ?
 Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
 Or *famine*, or *volcano* ? They perform

Their

Their mighty deeds ; they, hero-like, can slay,
 And spread their ample defarts in a day.
 O great alliance ! O divine renown !
 With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.
 When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law ;
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
 To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.

When, after battle, I the field have seen
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapés, which once were
 men ;

A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave !
 A realm of death ! and on this side the grave !
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
 This *human chaos*, carry siniles away ?
 How did my heart with indignation rise !
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes !
 How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
 Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph* made !

How guilty these ! Yet not less guilty they,
 Who reach false glory by a sinooother way :
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords ;
 Who stifle *nature*, and subtilit on *art* ;
 Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart* ;
 All real kindness for the shew discard,
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard ;
 Who do for gold what Christians do through Grace,
 " With open arms their enemies embrace ;"
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine ;
 " The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine :"

Or,

Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
WALPOLE, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse ! the *catalogue* is writ ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim :
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait ; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer ;
His sins to LUCIFER not half so dear

How VERRES is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport ;
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off agen,
Let others sing ; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey :

That

That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design ; for TONSON's at the gate.

The love of Fame in its *effect* survey'd,
The Muse has sung ; be now the *cause* display'd :
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey ?

Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence, came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found ;
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest ;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast ;
It bids ARGYLL in fields and senates shine.
What more can prove its origin divine ?

But, oh ! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source ;
Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit ;
And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is seen
How kind a pattern POLLIO *might* have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools* ;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height ;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul ?

(For

(For though in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors ! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose ;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

AMBITION, in the *truly noble mind*,
With Sister-virtue is for ever join'd ;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt*, and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled :
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* ambition works alone ;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
† The God and mortal in the comic scene.
False JULIUS, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears :
All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye *vain* ! desist from your erroneous strife ;
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone resides,
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides ;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state ;
Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great ;
Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend ;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.

Would'st

† AMPHYTRION.

Would'it thou be *fam'd*? Have those high deeds in
view,

Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.

Behold a Prince! whom no swollen thoughts inflame;

No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*?

But when the welfare of mankind inspires,

And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,

Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;

Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;

Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring

His people's blessings to their ardent king:

But, when those great heroic motives cease,

His swelling soul subsides to native peace;

From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,

A sudden foe to splendor and applause;

Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,

Till men and angels jointly shout his name.

O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;

O blest ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one *fam'd Alpine* hill, which props the sky,

In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,

Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*; there shine,

In infant rills, the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;

From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,

Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In BRUNSWICK such a source the Muse adores,

Which public blessings through half *Europe* pours.

When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,

Angels and GEORGE are rivals for the fame;

GEORGE, who in foes can soft affections raise,

And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.

‡ Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,

But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.

Ev'n

‡ The king in danger by sea.

Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
 And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
 Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
 Stiles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.

While *sea* and *air*, great BRUNSWICK! shroud our
 State,

And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
 Depriv'd of what the lov'd, and press'd by fear,
 Of ever losing what she held most dear,
 How did BRITANNIA, like † ACHILLES, weep,
 And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep*?
 Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
 Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?

What felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm?
 Our PALINURUS ‡ slept not at the helm;
 His eye ne'er clos'd; long since enur'd to wake,
 And out-watch every storm for BRUNSWICK's sake:
 By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
 He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
 But *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
 No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
 His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
 At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm.

† HOM. IL. lib. I.

‡ *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rorare madentem, &c.* VIRG. lib. V.



A
K E Y
TO THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E I.

— Gives applause to B — — e, or to me.

Blackmore (Sir Richard.)

— Churchmen scripture, for the classics, quit;

Polite apostates from God's grace, to wit.

N. B. Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæsar's comment. Homer, &c. were published by Bishop Hare, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, &c.

S — e's humour.

Steele (Sir Richard.)

P — y's eloquence.

Pulteney (William, Esq;)

If at his title T — had dropt his quill, &c

Dr. Trapp, when professor of poetry in the university of Oxford, wrote *Praelectiones Poeticae*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank-verse version of Virgil, volume the first, Doctor Evans of St. John's college, Oxon, sent the following distich:

Read

Read the commandments, Trapp, translate no further;

*For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.
A. is depos'd, and B. with pomp restor'd.*

This alludes to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, intitled, *Shakespeare Restor'd*, in opposition to Mr. Pope's Edition of that author.

C — dos he'll out-do. Chandos (Duke of)
— B — l — ton, thy taste is not so true.

Burlington (Earl of)

*Not F — t — n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good P — b — ke more in love with stone.*

Sir Andrew Fountain, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.
Put off at night with lady B — —'s hair.

The venerable grey-headed Countess of Bristol.
Fewer grave lords to S — — pe discreetly bend.

Mr. Scroope, a great money-lender.

S A T I R E II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, topping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

— — T — — n turn'd upholsterer, &c.

Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-sea coxcombs, 1720.

— — Leaves to O — — Orrery (Charles Earl of)

D — — Dorset (Earl of) the poet's patron.

Miss D — — tottering. Miss Duncomb.

— — the Stagyrte. Aristotle.

Hence, D — —, that openness of heart. Dodington.

St — — pe in wit, in breeding D — l — ne.

Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Deloraine (Lord)

SATIRE

S A T I R E III.

—H—y's *eyes* unmercifully keen. Lady Hervey.

Well, H—r, dost thou thy master serve.

Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.

S A T I R E IV.

While C— mourns, &c.

Anthony Collins, Esq; founder of the sect of
Free-thinkers.

C—, who makes so merry with the Creed.

The same A. Collins.

Arb—t is a fool, and F— a sage.

S—ey will fright you, E— engage.

Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sed-
ley.

S— is the worst of friends. Suffex.

Q—y is fair. Dutchess of Queensberry.

S— the foremost toyman of his time.

Sloan (Sir Hans,) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J—y. Lady Jersey.

B—le shines in council, M—t in the fight :

P—l—'s magnificent, but J— can write.

Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt
(Charles) Earl of Peterborow. Pelham, Duke
of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H—t pardon, if I dare commend ;

H—t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend ?

A—le true wit is studious to restore :

And D—t smiles if Phœbus smil'd before.

P—ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,

And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.)
Dorset (Duke of.) Thomas Pembroke (late
Earl of.)

Lady

Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.
 Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied
 to his late Majesty (George I.

S A T I R E V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.

Major Foubert, a riding-master.

Sir H——s.

Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

*The fair philosopher to Rowley * flies.*

Lady D——

Dashwood or Dyfart.

* The late Mr. Rowley, an eminent mathematical-instrument
 maker, under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

S A T I R E VI.

Zinck, the greatest master in miniature, and enamel
 painting, in Europe.

H——y the first wit.

Lord Hervey.

Cruel R——d.

Duke of Richmond.

G——n.

Lady Betty Germain.

H——, P——, B——.

Hervey, Pearce, Blount,

(Ladies.)

C——s.

Collins (Anthony, Esq;)

T——l——n, Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr. Burnet's
 doctrine of the non-eternity of hell-torments.

K——p.

Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an assembly.

Carolina's heart, &c.

Acknowledgment of the late Queen's favours to the
 author.

ODES,

O D E S,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF THE

S E A - S E R V I C E.

E

I THINK

I THINK Myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance ; and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign. I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general ; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it : A consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of *Greenwich Hospital*, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision, for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. [SPEECH, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]

T O T H E
K I N G.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

O LD OCEAN's praise
Demands my lays ;
A truly *British* theme I sing ;
A theme so great,
I dare complete,
And join with OCEAN, *Ocean's* King.

II.

The *Roman* Ode
Majestic flow'd ;
Its *stream* divinely clear, and strong ;
In sense, and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound ;
The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle ;
Late time shall know
The *North* can glow,
If dread AUGUSTUS deign to smile.

IV.

The Naval crown
Is all his own !
Our Fleet, if war, or commerce, call,

His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire ;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil ;
Ye graces ! turn the glowing lines ;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat ;
At every stroke the work refines !

VII.

How music charms ?
How metre warms :
Parent of actions, good and brave !
How vice it tames ?
And worth inflames ?
And holds proud empire o'er the grave ?

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom ;
Wit scorns the grave ;
To wit he gave
The life of gods ! immortal bloom !

IX.

Since *years* will fly,
And *pleasures* die,
Day after day, as years advance ;

Since,

Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning *fate*, and fickle *chance* ;

X.

Nor life is long ;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore ;
We make, at least,
Of *bad* the *best*,
If in life's phantom, *Fame*, we soar.

XI.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride ;
With those we lift to life, to live ;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun ?
" *Justice* sincere,
" And *courage* clear,
Rise the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for sway ?
" Who look, obey ;
" They read the monarch in his *port* :
" Their love and awe
" Supply the *law* ;
" And his *own* lustre makes the court :"

XIV.

On yonder height,
What golden light

Triumphant shines? And shines *alone*?
 Unrivall'd blaze!
 The nations gaze!
 'Tis not the Sun; 'tis *Britain's* throne.

XV.

Our Monarch, there,
 Rear'd high in air,
 Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
 Like *British* oak,
 Derides the stroke;
 His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
 With lifted eyes,
 Fair *Albion*, like an amorous maid;
 While *interest* wings
 Bold foreign kings
 To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
 The *sea*, pour'd out,
 Immortal nourishment supplies;
 Thence *wealth* and *state*,
 And *power* and *fate*,
 Which *Europe* reads in *GEORGE's* eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view,
 We take the clue,
 Which leads from great to greater things:
 Men doubt no more,
 But gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in kings.

OCEAN.

O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

E +



O C E A N.

A N

O D E,

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Psal. xcvi.

I.

SWEET rural scene !
 Of flocks and green !
 At careless ease my limbs are spread ;
 All nature still,
 But yonder rill ;
 And list'ning pines nod o'er my head :

E. 5

II. I.

II.

In prospect wide,
 The boundless *tide* !
 Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar ;
 Without a breeze,
 The curling seas
 Dance on, in *measure* to the shore.

III.

Who sings the *source*
 Of *wealth* and *force* ?
 Vast field of commerce and big *war*,
 Where *wonders* dwell !
 Where *terrors* swell !
 And *Neptune* thunders from his car ?

IV.

Where ? Where, are they,
 Whom *Pean's* ray
 Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave ? —
 What ! none aspire ?
 I snatch the lyre,
 And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave rebounds !
 The rock rebounds !
 The *Nereids* to my song reply !
 I lead the choir,
 And they conspire,
 With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air
 Their bosoms fair,
 Their verdant tresses pour behind :

The

The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The God *Apollo*, and his *Nine*,
Parnassus' hill,
And *Orpheus*' skill;
But let *Arion*'s harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is *Britain*'s reign;
Her strength, her glory, in her fleet
The main! the main!
Be *Britain*'s strain;
As *Tritons* strong, as *Syrens* sweet.

IX.

Through nature wide
Is nought descry'd
So rich in pleasure or surprize;
When all-serene,
How sweet the scene?
How dreadful, when the billows rise;

X.

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which ere-while *Britannia* fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like *Ocean*'s bride,
Adjusting her majestic air?

XI.

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,

The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
 Deep silence keep,
 And seem to sleep
 Recumbent on their oozy bed ;

XII.

With what a trance,
 The level glance,
 Unbroken, shoots along the seas ?
 Which tempt from shore
 The painted oar ;
 And every canvas courts the breeze !

XIII.

When rushes forth
 The frowning *north*
 On black'ning billows, with what dread
 My shuddering soul
 Beholds them roll,
 And hears their roarings o'er my head !

XIV.

With terror, mark
 Yon flying *lark* !
 Now center deep descend the brave ;
 Now, to's'd on high,
 It takes the sky,
 A feather on the tow'ring wave !

XV.

Now spins around
 In whirls profound :
 Now wheel'd ; now pendant near the clouds ;
 Now stunn'd, it reels
 Midst thunders peals :
 And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI. All

XVI.

All Ether burns!
 Chaos returns!
 And blends, once more, the seas and skies:
 No space between
 Thy bosom green,
 O deep! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blast,
 The shatter'd mast,
 The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
 The breaking spout,
 The stars gone out,
 The boiling streight, the monsters shock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
 To *Britain* dear
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
 Those terrors charm,
 Which keep her warm
 In chace of honest gain, or fame.

XIX.

The stars are bright
 To cheer the night,
 And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire;
 And *Phœbus* flames,
 With burnish'd beams,
 Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the seas
 Outshone by *these*?
 Bright *Thetis*! thou art not outshone;

With

With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in *green*,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich ! thy charms to wrap ;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those *clouds*, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver *snow*, that pearly *rain*,
Has *Phæbus* stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main !

XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To *Phæbus*' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor ?
The *pearl*, in rows,
Pale lustre throws ;
The *wealth* immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines,
With proud designs,

The

The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore ;
 The tempests rise,
 And seize the prize,
 And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
 In pious strains,
 " Ah cruel thirst of gold ! " he cries :
 Then ploughs the main,
 In zeal for gain,
 The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watry vast !
 What mounds are cast
 To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er ?
 Thy proudest foam
 Must know its home ;
 But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys ;
 But *pleasure* dies,
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
 Though *raptures* court,
 The *sense* is short ;
 But virtue kindles living joys ;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone* !
 Joys ask'd of none !
 Which time's and fortune's arrows miss :
 Joys that subsist,
 Though fates resist,
 An unprecious, endless bliss !

XXX. The

XXX.

The soul *refin'd*
 Is most inclin'd
 To every *moral* excellence ;
 All vice is dull,
 A knave's a fool ;
 And *virtue* is the child of *sense*.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
 Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
 Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
 The shaken ball,
 Nor planet's fall,
 From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
 And therefore glows
 With gen'rous passions, and expends
 Her *wealth* and *zeal*
 On public weal,
 And brightens both by god-like ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great
 As that which late
 Awoke the genius of the *main* ;
 Which tow'ring rose
 With GEORGE to close,
 And rival great ELIZA's reign ?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
 From *Britain's* throne
 To re-inflame a grand design ;

That

That voice shall rear
 Yon * *fabric fair*,
 As nature's rose at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
 Blest angels sung,
 And shouted o'er the rising ball;
 For strains as high
 As man's can fly,
 These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
 The lap of ease
 Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
 High *domes* ascend!
 Stretch'd *arches* bend!
 Proud *columns* swell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
 From wave, from wind,
 And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
 To cheat their care,
 Of former war
 They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales,
 Our fleet prevails;
 In tales the lenitives of *age*!
 And o'er the bowl,
 They fire the soul
 Of list'ning *youth*, to martial rage.

* A new fund for *Greenwich* hospital, recommended from the throne.

XXXIX. Unhappy

XXXIX.

Unhappy they !
 And falsely gay !
 Who bask for ever in success ;
 A constant feast
 Quite palls the taste,
 And long *enjoyment* is *distress*.

XL.

When, after toil,
 His native soil
 The panting *mariner* regains,
 What *transport* flows
 From bare *repose* ?
 We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye warlike slain !
 Beneath the main,
 Wrapt in a wat'ry winding sheet ;
 Who bought with blood
 Your country's good,
 Your country's † *full-blown glory* greet.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
 Can death disarm ?
 Your long, your iron slumbers break ?
 By *Love*, by *Fame*,
 By GEORGE'S name,
 Awake ! awake ! awake ! awake !

XLIII.

With spiral shell,
 Full blasted, tell,
 That all your wat'ry realms should ring ;

† Written soon after K. George the First's accession.

Your

Your *pearl*-alcoves,
 Your *coral*-groves,
 Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain's* king.

XLIV.

As long as stars
 Guide mariners,
 As CAROLINA'S virtues please,
 Or suns invite
 The ravish'd fight,
 The *British* flag shall sweep the seas.

XLV.

Peculiar both !
 Our soil's *strong* growth,
 And our bold natives' *hardy* mind ;
 Sure heaven bespoke
 Our *hearts* and *oak*,
 To give a master to mankind.

XLVI.

That noblest birth
 Of teeming earth,
 Of forests fair, that daughter proud,
 To foreign coasts
 Our grandeur boasts,
 And *Britain's* pleasure speaks aloud :

XLVII.

Now big with war,
 Sends fate from far,
 If rebel realms their fate demand ;
 Now, sumptuous spoils
 Of foreign *soils*
 Pours in the bottom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence, *Britain* lays
 In scales, and weighs

The

The fate of kingdoms, and of kings ;
And as the frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns
A night, or day of *glory*, springs.

XLIX.

Thus *Ocean* swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high ;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

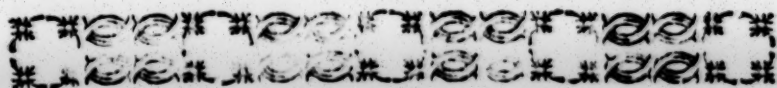


SEA.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

- I. The **BRITISH** Sailor's *Exultation*.
- II. His *Prayer* before Engagement.



T H E
DEDICATION.

T O
MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient* days,
To warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And *monarchs* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd?
Thine, *Epic*'s loftier trump to sound;—
But let ARION's sea-strung harp be Mine:

III.

But where's his *dolphin*? Know'st thou, where?—
May that be found in Thee, VOLTAIRE!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:

How

* Annals of the Emperor CHARLES XII. LEWIS XIV.

How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song? Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?
"What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—
No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On *Dorset* downs, when MILTON's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That MILTON's blindness lay not in his song?

VI.

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:
How shortly shall we Both forget,
To thee my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for *Prussia's* golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns, and favours of the great;
High-flush'd success, and pale defeat;
The *Galic* gaiety, and *British* spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;

Life's

Life's little drama done, the curtain falls! —
 Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
 Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
 'Time groans his last! ETERNAL loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
 Far other counsels, and desires,
 Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
 What scenes we see! — Exalted aim!
 With ardors *new*, our spirits flame;
 Ambition blest! with more than *laurels* crown'd.





A

SEA-PIECE.

ODE the FIRST.

The BRITISH SAILOR'S *Exultation.*

I.

IN lofty sounds let those delight,
 Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
 And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:
 'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend
 To foes the counsel of a friend,
 And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
 Why gleams the *South* with brandish'd arms?
 War bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:
 Ambition, mean! ignoble pride!
 Perhaps their ardors may subside,
 When weigh'd the wonders *Britain's* sailor sings.

III. Hear,

III.

Hear, and revere.—At *Britain's* nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves;
 The mountain *pin*es assume new forms,
 Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: The labouring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth;
 In sinoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
 Thence, monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling battions roar.

V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an *island's* will,
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance: Know, yepow'rs!
 In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When brav'd *Britannia's* awful senate low'rs.

VI.

In her * grand council she surveys,
 In patriot picture, what may raise,
 Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
 From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down
 The wealth of *Ind*, and confidence of *Spain*.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine:
 Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,

F 2

And

* House of Lords.

And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze:
 They thunder from resounding seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies! and warms the waves!
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of nature, spite of Jove,
 While all-ferene, and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men, and masts;
 And leave singed, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf lawrels rise in tented fields;
 The wreath immortal, *ocean* yields;
 There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
 Whole glory blooms: How pale, how tame,
 How lambent is BELLONA's flame;
 How her storms languish on the continent?

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
 Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
 Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky,
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,

Hosts

Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
 'The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To patient *Britain's* angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
 Or see I VULCAN's footy cave,
 Where JOVE's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
 Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of *Ætna*! hear my call;
 Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
 Yon shield of MARS, MINERVA's helmet blue;
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true

XV.

Begin: * And, first, take the rapid *fight*,
 Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
 And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;
 Then, borrow from the north his *rear*,
 Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
 Of wrong'd *Britannia's* wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts, and trembles,—at your dreadful trade:

* Alluding to VIRGIL's description of thunder.



ODE the SECOND;

IN WHICH IS

The SAILOR'S *Prayer* before Engagement.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plain, and *Bourbon* shake;
 If *Britain's* crimes support not *Britain's* foes,
 And edge their swords: O Pow'r Divine!
 If blest by Thee the bold design,
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
 In *Britain's* cause, by fame enroll'd
 In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
 From oozy beds, for *Britain's* sake,
 Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commissioned from Above,
 Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
 If war's full shock too feeble to sustain;
 Or firm to stand its final blow,
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV. That

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour! —

"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!

"Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!

"Now war's important die is thrown,

"If left the day to man alone,

"How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might?

V.

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,

"Let deep remorse, and sighs sincere

"For *Britain's* guilt, the wrath divine appease;

"A wrath, more formidable far

"I than angry nature's wasteful war,

"The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

"From out the deep, to Thee we cry,

"To Thee, at nature's helm on high!

"Steer Thou our conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE!

"To Thee for succour we resort;

"Thy favour is our only port;

"Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

VII.

"O Thou, to whom the lions roar,

"And, not unheard, thy boon implore!

"Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:

"Thou canst arrest the flying ball;

"Or send it back, and bid it fall

"On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

"*Britain*, in vain, extends her care

"To climes * remote, for aids in war;

"Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;

"There's

“ There’s one alliance, one alone,
 “ Can crown her arms, or fix her throne ;
 “ And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

“ ALLY SUPREME ! we turn to Thee ;
 “ We learn obedience from the sea ;
 “ With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil ;
 “ ’Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm ;
 “ To rouse, or hush, the martial storm ;
 “ And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

“ ’Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,
 “ Or quench the glories of a crown ;
 “ ’Tis Thine to doom, ’tis Thine from death to free ;
 “ To turn aside his levell’d dart,
 “ Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
 “ *There* we cast anchor, we confide in THEE.

XI.

“ THOU, who hast taught the *north* to roar,
 “ And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
 “ Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,
 “ Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 “ Bid *Britain’s* flags, as meteors, blaze ;
 “ And GEORGE depute to thunder in thy stead.

XII.

“ The *right* alone is bold, and strong ;
 “ Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
 “ With dread of vengeance : Nature’s awful Sire !
 “ Less than one moment shouldst Thou frown,
 “ Where is puissance, and renown ?
 “ Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII. “ Let

† Aurora Borealis.

XIII.

- “ Let GEORGE the just chastise the vain :
“ THOU, who dost curb the rebel main,
“ To mount the shore when boiling billows rave !
“ Bid GEORGE repel a bolder tide,
“ The boundless swell of *Gallic* pride ;
“ And check *ambition*’s overwhelming wave.

XIV.

- “ And when (all milder means withstood)
“ *Ambition*, tam’d by loss of blood,
“ Regains her reason ; then, on angels wings,
“ Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,
“ With peals of joy, *Britannia*’s fleet,
“ How richly freighted ! It, triumphant, brings
“ The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings.”

F I N I S.



